

Eng. Poetry vol 24.

T W O
T A L E S.

T W O

T A L E S

AN

5th

Impossible Thing.

A

T A L E.

de Fontaine (G. de) L. Bonhe et nouvelles en vers

L O N D O N:

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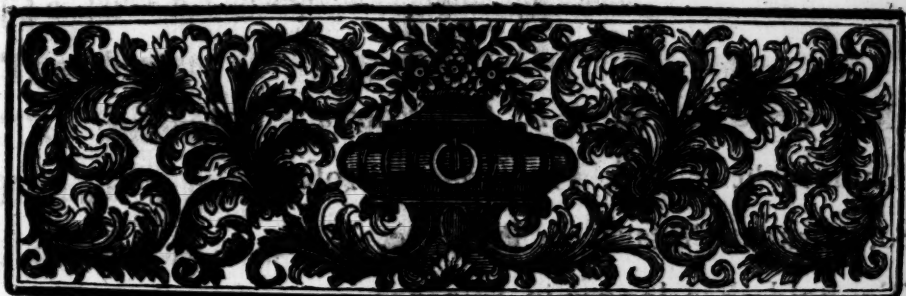
A N

Impossible Thing.



A O W D O W

Printed and Sold by J. Roberts in New York
and
ALBANY



IMPOSSIBLE THING.

A T A L E.



O thee, Dear *Dick*, this Tale I send,
Both as a Critick and a Friend.
I tell it with some Variation
(Not altogether a Translation)
From *La Fontaine*; an Author, *Dick*,
Whose Muse would touch thee to the quick.
The Subject is of that same kind
To which thy Heart seems most inclin'd:

How

How Verse may alter it, God knows;
 Thou lov'st it well, I'm sure, in Prose.
 So, without Preface, or Pretence,
 To hold thee longer in Suspence,
 I shall proceed, as I am able,
 To the Recital of my Fable.

A *Goblin* of the merry Kind,
 More black of Hue, than curst of Mind,
 To help a Lover in Distress,
 Contriv'd a Charm with such Success;
 That in short Space the cruel Dame
 Relented, and return'd his Flame.
 The Bargain made betwixt 'em both,
 Was bound by Honour and by Oath:
 The Lover laid down his Salvation,
 And *Satan* stak'd his Reputation.

The Latter promis'd on his Part
 (To serve his Friend and shew his Art,)
 That Madam shou'd by twelve a Clock,
 Tho' hitherto as hard as Rock,
 Become as gentle as a Glove,
 And kiss and coo like any Dove.
 In short, the Woman should be his,
 That is, upon Condition—*Viz;*
 That He, the Lover, after tasting
 What one wou'd wish were everlasting;
 Should, in Return for such Enjoyment,
 Supply the Fiend with fresh Employment;
 That's all, quoth Pug; my poor Request
 Is, only never to have Rest;
 You thought, 'tis like, with Reason too,
 That I should have been serv'd, not You:
 But what? upon my Friend impose!
 No----tho' a Devil, none of those.

And

Your

Your Business then, pray understand me,
 Is nothing more but to Command me.
 Of one thing only let me warn ye,
 Which somewhat nearly may concern ye:
 As soon as e'er one Work is done,
 Strait name a new one; and so on;
 Let each to other quick succeed,
 Or else---you know how 'tis agreed---
 For if thro' any Hums or Haws,
 There haps an intervening Pause,
 In which, for Want of fresh Commands,
 Your Slave obsequious, Idle stands,
 Nor Soul nor Body ever more
 Shall serve the Nymph whom you adore;
 But both be laid at *Satan's* Feet,
 To be dispos'd as he thinks meet.

At once the Lover all approves:
 For who can hesitate that loves?

And

And thus he argues in his Thought:
 Why, after all, I venture nought;
 What Mystery is in Commanding?
 Does that require Much Understanding?
 Indeed, wer't my Part to Obey,
 He'd go the better of the Lay:
 But he must do what I think fit——
 Pshaw, pshaw, young *Belzebub* is bit.

Thus pleas'd in Mind, he calls a Chair;
 Adjusts, and combs, and courts the Fair:
 The Spell takes Place, and all goes right,
 And happy he, employs the Night
 In sweet Embraces, balmy Kisses;
 And riots in the Bliss of Blisses.
 O Joy, cry'd he, that hast no Equal!
 But hold——no Raptures——mark the Sequel.

B

For

For now, when near the Morning's Dawn,
 The Youth began as ~~twere~~ to yawn;
 His Eyes a filky Slumber seiz'd,
 Or would have done, if *Pug* had pleas'd:
 But that officious *Demon*, near,
 Now buzz'd for Business in his *Ear*;
 In Haste, he names a thousand Things:
 The *Goblin* plys his wicker Wings,
 And in a Trice returns to ask
 Another and another Task.
 Now, Palaces are built and Towers,
 The Work of Ages in few Hours.
 Then, Storms are in an Instant rais'd,
 Which the next Moment are appeas'd.
 Now Show'rs of Gold and Gems are rain'd,
 As if each *India* had been drain'd:
 And He, in one astonish'd View,
 Sees both *Golconda* and *Peru*.

These

These Things, and stranger Things than these,
 Were done with equal Speed and Ease.
 And now to *Rome* poor *Pug* he'll send;
 And *Pug* soon reach'd his Journey's End.
 And soon return'd with such a Pack
 Of Bulls and Pardons at his Back,
 That now, the Squire (who had some Hope
 In holy Water and the Pope,)
 Was out of Heart, and at a Stand
 What next to wish, and what command;
 Invention flags, his Brain grows muddy,
 And black Despair succeeds brown Study.
 In this Distress the woful Youth
 Acquaints the Nymph with all the Truth,
 Begging her Counsel, for whose Sake
 Both Soul and Body were at Stake.
 And is this all? replies the Fair;
 Let me alone to cure this Care.

When next your *Demon* shall appear,
 Pray give him——look, what I hold here.
 And bid him labour, soon or late,
 To lay these Ringlets lank and strait.
 Then, something scarcely to be seen,
 Her Finger and her Thumb between
 She held, and sweetly smiling, cry'd,
 Your *Goblin's* Skill shall now be try'd.

She said; and gave——what shall I call
 That Thing so shining, crisp and small,
 Which round his Finger strove to twine?
 A Tendril of the *Cyprian* Vine?
 Or Sprig from *Cytherea's* Grove;
 Shade of the Labyrinth of Love!
 With Awe, he now takes from her Hand
 That Fleece-like Flow'r of fairy Land:

Less.

Less precious, whilom, was the Fleece
 Which drew the *Argonauts* from *Greece*;
 Or that, which modern Ages see
 The Spur and Prize of Chivalry,
 Whose Curls of kindred Texture, grace
 Heroes and Kings of *Spanish* Race.

The Spark prepar'd, and *Pug* at Hand,
 He issues, thus, his strict Command:
 This Line, thus Curve and thus Orbicular,
 Render direct, and perpendicular;
 But so direct, that in no sort
 It ever may in Rings retort.
 See me no more 'till this be done:
 Hence, to thy Task——avaunt, be gone.

Away the Fiend like Lightning flies,
 And all his Wit to Work applies:

Anvils

Anvils and Presses he employs,
 And dins whole Hell with hamm'ring Noise.
 In vain: he to no Terms can bring
 One Twire of that reluctant Thing;
 Th' elastic Fibre mocks his Pains,
 And it's first spiral Form retains.
 New Stratagems the Sprite contrives,
 And down the Depths of Sea he dives:
 This Sprunt its Pertness sure will lose
 When laid (said he) to soak in Ooze.
 Poor foolish Fiend! he little knew
 Whence *Venus* and her Garden grew.
 Old Ocean, with paternal Waves
 The Child of his own Bed receives;
 Which oft as dipt new Force exerts,
 And in more vig'rous Curls reverts.
 So, when to Earth, *Alcides* flung
 The huge *Anteus*, whence he sprung,

From

From ev'ry Fall fresh Strength he gain'd,
And with new Life the Fight maintain'd.

The baffled *Goffin* grows perplex'd,
Nor knows what Sleight to practise next:
The more he try's, the more he fails;
Nor Charm, nor Art, nor Force avails.
But all concur his Shame to show,
And more exasperate the Foe.

And now he pensive turns and sad,
And looks like melancholick mad.
He rolls his Eyes now off, now on
That wonderful *Phenomenon*.
Sometimes he twists and twirls it round,
Then, pausing, meditates profound:
No End he sees of his Surprise,
Nor what it should be can devise:

For

For never yet was Wooll or Feather,
 That cou'd stand buff against all Weather;
 And unrelax'd like this, resist
 Both Wind and Rain, and Snow and Mist.
 What Stuff, or whence, or how 'twas made,
 What Spinster Witch could spin such Thread,
 He nothing knew; but to his Cost
 Knew all his Fame and Labour lost.
 Subdu'd, abash'd, he gave it o'er;
 'Tis said, he blush'd; 'tis sure, he swore
 Not all the Wiles that Hell could hatch
 Could conquer that SUPERB MUSTACH.
 Defeated thus, thus discontent,
 Back to the Man the *Demon* went:
 I grant, quoth he, our Contract null,
 And give you a Discharge in full.
 But tell me now, in Name of Wonder,
 (Since I so candidly knock under,)

What

What is this Thing? Where could it grow?

Pray take it——'tis in *Statu quo*.

Much Good may't do you; for my Part,

I wash my Hands of't from my Heart.

In Truth, Sir *Goblin* or Sir *Fairy*,
 Replys the Lad, you're too soon weary.
 What, leave this trifling Task undone!
 And think'st Thou this the only one?
 Alas! were this subdu'd, thou'dst find
 Millions of more such still behind,
 Which might employ, ev'n to Eternity,
 Both you and all your whole Fraternity.





THE
PEASANT *in Search of his* HEIFER.

A T A L E,

After M. *De la Fontaine*.



T so befell: a silly Swain
Had sought his Heifer long in vain;
For wanton she had frisking stray'd,
And left the Lawn, to seek the Shade.
Around the Plain he rolls his Eyes,
Then, to the Wood, in Haste he hies;

Where,

Where, singling out the fairest Tree,
He climbs, in Hopes to hear or see.

Anon, there chanc'd that Way to pass
A jolly Lad and buxom Lass:
The Place was apt, the Pastime pleasant;
Occasion with her Forelock present:

The Girl agog, the Gallant ready;
So lightly down he lays my Lady.
But so she turn'd, or so was said,
That she some certain Charms display'd,
Which with such Wonder struck his Sight,
(With Wonder, much; more, with Delight)
That loud he cry'd in Rapture, What!
What see I, Gods! What see I not!
But nothing nam'd; from whence 'tis guess'd,
'Twas more than well could be express'd.

The

The Clown aloft, who sent an Eagle guilting where
 Strait stopt him short in mid Career, in Hope, in Hopes
 And louder cry'd, Ho! honest Friend,
 That of thy seeing seest no End;
 Dost see the Heifer that I seek? I mow'd him but a jolly
 If do'st, pray be so kind to speak.

F I N I S



